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Walt Whitman

A CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

Ernest Kroll
Edwin Honig
Milton Hindus
Charles Olson
Rosalie Moore
Louis Zukofsky
Harvey Shapiro
Langston Hughes
Richard Eberhart
Edward Dahlberg
William Jay Smith
William Carlos Williams

Chapbook Number Three
75c

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THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL

Chapbook Number Three

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FOREWORD

The year 1955 will mark the Centennial of Leaves of Grass. Most of the poems printed here have been written expressly for that momentous event. The others, we feel, are appropriate for their spirit and content.

At the time we began to explore the possibilities of this undertaking we could not predict results. Let us now say simply that the high quality of the work presented here proclaims the esteem in which Whitman is held. We feel certain that with more space available we might well have been able to enlist the art of many more of the distinguished poets in the English-speaking lands.

Thoughtful critics everywhere are agreed on Whitman as the initiator of modern American poetry and as its abiding strength. But we must not forget that his fruitfulness for numerous countries makes a consideration of him there quite as impressive as in his native land. In certain nations—France and Germany, to mention two—his role rivals in importance his position here.

The coming months, prefigured in this collection, will see an international celebration of Whitman's greatness as a poet. But we pay tribute also to the man. Without the man and his inspired beliefs, we should not have had his poetry. We acclaim the poetry and the poet. The poetry is the work of a man who sought, for himself and his fellow men, sanity, health, courage and joy. We gratefully salute this.

David Ignatow

from "A" - 12

In the eighth month
In the second year of Darius
I saw by night—

Thru running manes of Leaves of Grass
In their first printer's shop,
The house it was in still stands
On Cranberry Street
That I walk nights
I go to teach
In the Eagle building, of old
Brooklyn, freighted with the lost
Years and winds of Whitman's editorials—
The mind acts certain
Things and suffers others
Acts before it explains why
Often centuries before

A red horse
Among myrtle,
Behind him
Red horses,
Speckled, and white

—O my lord
What are these

—They walk
To and fro
Thru the earth—
We have
Walked
To and fro
And the earth

2

Is quiet,
Be quiet, flesh
Isn't this
A brand
Plucked out
Of the fire?
Clothe,
Have
Places to
Walk,
Bring forth
My servant
The BRANCH,
See the stone
Laid—
On a stone
Seven eyes—
Call each man
Under the vine
And under the fig.
Talked with me,
Waked me.
I saw
The first chariot,
Red horses—
The second,
Black—
The third,
White—
The fourth,
Grizzled and bay.
—What are these?
—The black go
North,

The white
After,
The grizzled
South.
The bay
Go on
Thru the earth.

Crying to me,
—See
These go north
And quiet me.
When
the eyes
have seen
To everyone grass in the field
My staff, even Beauty
Shall say, I am no prophet.
HOLINESS
Upon the bells of horses
In that day

—Look, Paul, the small arrowroot
Has rabbit ears.

—Why?

High inthehighest
I was unhappy—I've forgotten it.

The fire roared, quieted to light.

Louis Zukofsky

Editor's note: The above is from a long section, the 12th as indicated, of the poem titled **A**, whose two contrapuntal themes are "related to the text of Bach's St. Matthew Passion."

4

REUNION FOR WALT WHITMAN

Nothing is handed down of the old ruminants,
Plump, handled, and brown,
And their silk-sided amber talk above
burdock gone:
Smoke in their whales,
Sleep in their fields.

And the long, low lorries assemble
Of birds, their aspect of carriages;
Head them off, past the turnstiles,
Lanes empty—beagle sometimes,
Legs of a fourer . . .

Such a returning as this holds homage
together:
Headstones ripe in the vines, in the orchards
Trees full of sticks; the canals unfilled
Where we pulled in the lines made easy
With trolls, and fishes for endings.

Here with the lines all cut,
The twigs all blowing—
No store to set by, and the unbolted sky
Reels out of blue like a colt—

I feel as my hands full of odds,
dividing like clovers,
That any coming is certain of feast:
Be it festive, or clabbered death,
Or jumped with the salmon, headless,
until
The moon's slow apple and portly robbery is done
In the place of the rusted deer.

Rosalie Moore

W
A
L
WHITMAN

Prophet of the body's
Roving magnitude, he still
Commands a hope elusive as the Jewish
Savior—not dying, not yet born, but always
Imminent: coming in a blaze one sunny afternoon,
Defying winter, to everyone's distinct advantage: then
going on
To Eden, half sham, half hearsay, like California or Miami,
golden.
All his life was squandered
In his poverty when he became
The body's prime reunionist bankrupt
Exploiter, from early middle age, of the nation's
Largest unexploited enterprise—baggy, queer,
A Johnny Appleseed freely planting selves the future
mashes
Into commonplaces, lops off as flourishes, an unweaned
appetite.
Yet who can shape his mouth's
Beard-brimming bubble, that violent honey
Sound? Afterwards they just blew hard,
Tarzans hamming through the swampy lots.
His patent, never filed, was being man quixotically
Alive against the hoax of sin and dying. Paradise is
now.
America, whose greatest war was civil, must be born from
Abel's wound,
& Cain be welcomed home
By Adam—Father Abraham
Opening his blood to continents,
All armies, lovers, tramps. A time for heroes, but
The captains, shot or dowdy, died. (Had old Abe
really smiled

& tipped his hat or had he merely grimaced? Ulysses,
finished, promptly
Sighed & chomped cigars & toured the capitals.) The
people yea'd & shambled
To the greatest fortunes
Made, while he conveyed the lippy
Cop, the whistling streetcar man, the ferry
Pilot billowing upon the apron of his praise.
Nakedly at last he flailed his own paralysis
With mud & flesh-brush. A man, all men himself alone,
a rugged blue-
Eyed testament, his looks in Brady's lens are calm with
after-rages.
"The real war
Will never get
In the books."
Below the ragged
Line he signed
His chummy name.

Edwin Honig

GENEROUS AMERICA

The adjective which the great Florentine poet reserved
for Rome,
The most honorable epithet a nation ever deserved
Shall be yours America—
Generous, generous, generous—
What nation or individual worth anything at all
Ever aspired to be called something better than that?
Generous America—
Generous to her citizens, to her friends, to her enemies.
Like Rome, racially unprejudiced,
Welcoming all who serve her imperial purposes
With an equal hand.

Milton Hindus

CENTENNIAL FOR WHITMAN
(Amimetobion, not Synapothanumenon.)

1.
What shall I say to Walt Whitman tonight?
Reading him here in the Spring time of bursting green,
Foreign from him, held by the same air he breathed of
the world,
Looking at night to the same stars, white and radiant,
Obsessed with a kindred obsession, at a dark depth,
Inheritor of his America maybe at its great height,

I praise him not in a loose form, not in outpouring,
Not in a positive acclamation of frenetic belief,
Not in the simplicity of a brotherhood, such peace,
And not in the dawn of an original compulsion,
But speak to him in the universe of birth and death.

By a Spring meadow I lay down by a river
And felt the wind play on my cheek. By the sunlight
On the water I felt the strangeness of the world.
Prone in the meadow by the side of the fast brook
I saw the trout shooting his shadow under the willow.

I sank into the mystical nature of memory
And became my beginning. I was one with strong nature,
At the heart of the world, with no need to penetrate her.
In the sheerness and the elegance of this feeling
I destroyed time and dwelled in eternal pleasure.

The vastness of the aim of human nature
Yielded to ease and immediacy of comprehension,
Such is the rarity of the mastery of existence
In the ethereal realm of pure intuition,
Within the subtlety of perfect spiritual balance.

2.
What shall I say to Walt Whitman tonight?
Nothing that is not myself. Nothing for himself,
Who spoke the golden chords of a rough soul
Deep below the meeting of the mind
With reality; his words were a mask of the true soul.

I grew up among animal pleasures, hot in sense,
And fought off the lofty reaches of the intellect
As one knowing the soft touches of the night,
Running on the Spring freshets in delight,
Joyful and serene, not to be overcome or quelled.

Then dramatic evil like a blight overcame me,
The dream-like character of eternal knowledge
Was brought in earthly bondage; knowledge of death,
Our old enemy, appeared with his powerful will
And laid waste the garden of my green seeming.

The years began to whirl in a worldly ecstasy
Fulfilling some dark purpose confronting the heart
Of things, and I was loosened to flesh and mind,
Torn asunder from essential unity
And would wander the world in fateful duality.

This was the knowledge of good and evil,
This was the certainty of actual death,
The powerful hold of an ancient, fallen state,
The battering ram of time on the bones and eyes,
The new reality of the unredeemed mankind.

3.
What shall I say to Walt Whitman tonight?
I look not upon the world of facts and figures,
But in the heart of man. Ineradicable evil
Sits enthroned there, jealously guarding the place,
Only held at arm's length by a comic attitude.

Laughter at the sun and the moon, at the tides,
Laughter at the comedy of the eternal struggle,
And at the institutions and society of mankind
Laughter, I celebrate this tonic attitude,
And go as far as that for the sake of intellect.

And run on bitterness and corrosive pessimism
Standing under the glaring eye of antique satire
And range the fields of powerful condemnation
As one who allows himself such pleasures,
A beast engaged, knowing the gates of escape.

New bombs, new wars, new hatreds, new insecurities!
Man has become the victim of delusions
Thrashing his brains in energies of misaction,
Lost in tribal sin, ready to destroy himself,
Defenseless against all natures of monstrosity.

What shall I say to Walt Whitman tonight?
Give us a share of your love, your simplicity,
The large scope, the strong health of the soul,
Love be our guide, and love be our redemption,
Love make miracle, animate us now.

4.

Love came upon us when the willow bends,
Love come upon us at the child's upturned face,
Love recapture us in the market-place,
In churches, slums, on mountains, in the fog,
Love be with us in the hour of death.

Love be with us in the pang of birth,
And throw out hatred, envy, pride, despair,
Be joyful at the time of the tall daffodil,
Be rampant as the legendary lion,
Be meek and sweet, and sure, so love be here.

Love that is swift creator and savior
Bless all the infants and the old men,
Bless the middle kingdom of all the workers,
Love come in the soft night, in the sensual day,
Let our airs be soft flower-lofts of love.

What would you say to me, Walt Whitman, today?
Is there anything you can give me but your love,
That total devotion to comprehension of the word?
It is not the forms you evoked, these are changed,
But the force you spoke with, the heart's holy rapture,

Your knowledge of the changeless in birth and death,
The merit of man in his eternal suffering,
Your love of the stars, of valor, and of doom
That I would say to you, Walt Whitman, tonight,
That you could say to me, Walt Whitman, today.

Richard Eberhart

OLD WALT

Old Walt Whitman
Went finding and seeking,
Finding less than sought,
Seeking more than found,
Every detail minding
Of the seeking or the finding,
Pleasured equally in seeking
As in finding.

Every detail minding
Old Walt Whitman
Went seeking
And finding.

Langston Hughes

11

WALT WHITMAN

Sing the Alpha forest gods,
Sorrel, purslane, and the uncured sassafras;
We forsook the soft, doved waters of Venus and Daphne,
And the oaks of Ilium
To quarry our Ghost in the marsh.
Concord was unsown violets and bog-cress,
At Nona the waters smelled of the fox.
Sorrow was our father and hope,
Penury sang in our pockets.
We sowed affliction in rank marl,
And called this Adam's ground.
Then came the cities of Cush and Ham,
And the granaries of shrewd Pul.

The midwest was a Mesopotamian corral for Laban:
Omaha, a stable for the cattle of Asshur,
Roanoke and St. Joseph were as Erech and Calah;
The Missouri was laden with the boats of Tarshish.
Togmarah sold mules and horses to Kansas City,
The mart for the melons and the leeks
That shone as emeralds in Paradise.
Venus came from the bins of Joplin,
Fragrant with rye, oats and papaw.

There was a man named Walt Whitman,
Prophetic goat and Buddha of the states,

12

An evangelist of the rank gullet,
And the pagan works of Phallus.
An Old Testament Balaam was he,
And as likorous as the Angels
Who parted the thighs of the daughters of men.
He strode the cities of Shinar,
As though they were the oaks at Mamre.
At Sodom he sat at the gates as Lot.
Strewing his affections as palms and boughs.
Gaza and Akkad comforted his navel.

Every aged man was father Adam;
He went soft upon the ground
Lest he trample Abel's blood.
Among the thorns he grieved anew for Manasseh.
Did the Pharisee he kissed moult the canting hands?
Nimrod has giant laughing shoulders
Which hide the sinews of Cain.

We cannot bear each other,
For we are immense territory,
And our malignant folly was to mew us up in cities,
And take away our ocean past.
For the sign of Cain is solitude
And he that goes in the earth apart
Grieves as the worm.

We are still mostly landless,
And a water people,
For we are not yet earth-born children,
And our Abraham, Isaac and Jacob
Are New Mexico, Arizona and Texas,
Residual sand and flood clay,

13

And the red that came out of it,
Iroquois and Algonquin,
Which means blood, we slew.
Now the long wastes of flats,
And the terrible inland oceans
Are like our fierce black and gray burial cities.
The country is still more than half whale,
For we go to water quicker than to fire or to blood,
And we are a kinless people
Still suffering for the flood sins.
Whitman, our Adam, has died in our loins.

Edward Dahlberg

14

THERE SHE SITS

There she sits the long day
Opening books, shifting (alas)
A thousand old pages
(and quotes incessantly).
Look, so spectacled—
    she's dull-eyed,
    sickly—!

"But what in God's name's the matter?

Ah Whitman, she's the alack
Of Muses. Tried to be
English even.

"Oscar and I, you know
We wore our differences?

Listen, she is quoting!
"Let us go you and I—"
She does but little else.
All's beneath her.

"For heaven's sake! O Muse!
It pains me. Her's once
The ear into which I
Said everything hugely.
She was fearless!

No more. We must whisper.
She has professor's ears.
Not so loud Walt, will you?
Walt! Wait!

"Listen, dear Muse, to me!
I'm Walt Whitman!

(she smiles
merely)

Russell Atkins

GRACE IS WILD
(For Whitman)

You would bellow through your beard at this puny rhyme,
and hoot at the rustle of these indoor feet;
roar for my trouble, how I try to be neat;
grumble at my care, and point to the grime
sticking to the many-roaded prime
of your boot. But Walt, I've walked that muddy beat,
and yawped in my time too. I've found that heat
makes my sweat barbaric stink. One time,
you know, your double-bladed voice faltered
mine. You taught how to chop; I swung and yelled
prophecies in your wake. But grace is wild,
and sweet also. You, you never bothered
to watch your swing. Your rhyming dad you felled;
here is my axe: behold your rhyming child!

Norman Friedman

LINES BEFORE THE DECAPITATION OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

"Du gleichst dem Geist, den du begreifst..." Goethe: Faust 1;512

O great crowd of my countrymen, what is it?—
ô foule immense—what do you ask of me?
What dreaded visitation first must visit
your shores, not only out of oil-slick sea
and ice-floe (will your promise come to be?)
but here, inside your coastlines without end.
You are like the Spirit you comprehend.

This forest land, this classic land of granite:
from Adrian's Island to the Pacific fog,
needing four bloody centuries to span it,
lick-spittle now? Lamp-post of demagogue?
Loving its girls, its giggles and its grog?
In God we trusted; o will God defend?
You are like the Spirit you comprehend.

Remember rust on Valley Forge's snow,
blood drifting on the dark Monocacy?
A thousand creeks with hidden blooddrops glow
to hide them in the ocean's privacy.
But still the question: Will your promise be?
Or serpent tongues enwrap you, end to end?
We are like the Spirit we comprehend.

Herman Salinger

A CENTURY OF LEAVES
(1855 - 1955)

Not looking for you under their bootsoles,
The people do not find you now, a century gone
By, who wove your leaves for them.
A young dog on the springy green
Knows more the special presence that I mean
Though his master watches and sees nothing.
You said that you could turn and live with animals,
And it is animals, I think, would not have wrecked,
Lacking the world-destroying intellect,
The vision woven of your leaves.
It is animals for whom your meaning lives,
Who are not so clean obtuse
As not to perceive a certain use
Within the world, and use it
Circumspectly, as they would not prefer to lose it.

The open road leads only into space,
By rocket poised against the void.
Riders to the stars might take your leaves along
For guidance elsewhere. This is the wrong
Planet. The love of comrades is a hopeless case.

Ernest Kroll

18

IT'LL BE ALL WRONG IN THE END

There was a man went into the bush one day
To cut some wood
To light a fire
To keep himself warm,
But he got so warm cutting the wood
He forgot to light the fire,
Kept on cutting wood
(Oh, where is the fire we have lost in form?)

But the thousand cords of wood
Took on several criss-cross patterns,
Haphazard corrals, columns, colonnades,
Petrified into monumental stonehenges, sphynxes
To tax the ingenuity of archaeologists.

A lyrebird heard his ringing axe,
Added it to its repertoire of whips and whistles.
A poet-bushman listened idly, sadly, Oh so long.
Oh why, to what end these patterns, tattoos, tom-tom songs?
. . . Well, there is an answer to every why of the philosophers: Why not?
The absolute answer of art: How and what.

A million specks of dust fly up
And make a blue sky.
A million lumps of water fall
And paint a rainbow . . .
What greater sublimity is there than piles of ordinary muck and rock stuck together in a heap in Mount Everest against the sun,
Or the humdrum money-grubbed Manhattan skyline when its life is gone?

What greater melody can be than arises from birds
grubbing worms in mud
Or than from cat-gut scraping rotting Stradivarius wood?
What greater art can be than any sheer matter of silk,
stone, steel, sticks of wood,
Or what uglier hell can be than any attempt of priest,
politician, psychologist to make anything out of
flesh and blood?
Art must come to the means, if the means be matter,
though the end be scattered, lost.
Art cannot come if the end is heaven, if the means are
men, mind, meaning, soul, spirit, or any other kind of
unholy ghost.

Jesus went out into the world one day
To get some men
To make a heaven,
But they got so busy getting the men
They lost sight of heaven.
And a million million men rose up—
Or were hauled up on hooks or in nets by fishers of men,
Cemented by demented mentors of men,
By the Holy Capitalist, Catholic, Communist churches of
men—
And made world wars. . .
But we meant in intent to amend in the end.
Amen.
Ah men, how mean are these ends
Where men are the means.

Harry Hootor

SONG FOR ORPHEUS

When Orpheus descended
Sound shaped the termless dark
That the damned saw form again
The while he harped.
And, from the smokey air, sense,
Descending with him,
Shook the vacant like a tick
Until all hell
Became inhabited.

Then the dark king
In a cage of tears—
That a man could take emotion
As if it were a singing thing—
Loosed love into his hands.

Upon a green hillside
The dreaming head swings wide.

Wine gathers in the glass.

Harvey Shapiro

WHITMANESQUE

In our general blood of misery and manhood
Tall seas of light return—
Regard the map of the ages the sun and moon
And all their waves fold over the days . . .
Each man in the heart of his neighbor holds his life
And suffers the part of pity.

These fraternal facts I say,
These damned who lie along street walls and sands of beaches,
Night extends and lies down too
Reaching an arm across their obscure body:
The vagabondage of the rich and stricken
Covered in a common silence.

We are sick discoverers of universe, a restless morning,
Everywhere this country is
On the other side of sin if only we would have it,
Perfume of the early earth!
How thirsty for rest are our crying lungs
And bloodshot lids for first illuminations, angel and demon.
Then in a thankless time
The porches of the nation flower with my men and women
Hiring the sun with a kind mind.

Alfredo Giop De Palchi
Translated by Sonia Raiziss

WHITMAN TODAY

All that robust opinion of your line
(Prophetic and postponed again) resigns
Greatness but for only . . . What is a hundred years
Perverting strange quixotes on the seared
And Spanish field. Against our civil
War your war was mischief, brilliant for evil
You should count us now:
Colossus stalking his beast before his thought
A man whose whole dimension (God forgot)
Is spoiled by his bad blood. I shall have made
Fear with my own hand who cannot read
My proper reason. Ask me what time it is
That we are not at home at heart, what business
Drives us to this lot—
And far away the act has its reaction,
Crowding my scene with climax . . . Lovely still the fact
Of Andalusian olives on ruby soil
A greco-green, but when the ocean boils
Over a stipple of hills where only sheep
And a crop of rocks and all the landscape sleep,
Is the leaf of grass intact?—
And when the wall of China scatters stone
And the open city has no name nor Rome
And London bridge (remember that) a rhyme
For one brief child . . . The child between three crimes
Is nearly dear as futures which you further:
There was tomorrow in all your language, brother
And lover of my bone.

Sonia Raiziss

PROLOGUE

Borborygms! Borborygms!* . . .
Rumblings of the stomach and the bowels,
Lamentation of the constantly changing flesh,
Voices, irrepressible whisperings of the organs,
Voices, the only human voice that does not lie,
And persists even for a while after physiological death. . .

Beloved, how often we have paused in our love-making
To listen to this song of ourselves;
How long it went on at times
While we tried to keep from laughing!
It rose from the depths of our being,
Compelling and ridiculous,
Louder than all our vows of love,
More unexpected, more irremissible, more serious—
Oh, the inevitable song of the oesophagus! . . .
A stifled cluck, the noise of a carafe being emptied,
A sentence slowly, endlessly modulated;
And yet there it is—the incomprehensible thing
I can no longer deny;
And yet there it is—the last word I shall speak
When still warm, I am a poor corpse "being emptied!"
Borborygms! Borborygms! . . .
Do they also exist in the organs of thought,
Rumblings one cannot hear, through the thickness of the cranium?

Here are, in any case, some poems in their image . . .

Valery Larbaud

Translated by William Jay Smith

* **Borborygm** or **borborygmus** is the rumbling noise caused by wind in the intestines.

IMAGES

1.

One day in a popular quarter of Kharkov,
(O that southern Russia where all the women
With white-shawled heads look so like Madonnas!)
I saw a young woman returning from the fountain,
Bearing, Russian-style, as Roman women did in the time
of Ovid,
Two pails suspended from the ends of a wooden
Yoke balanced on neck and shoulders.
And I saw a child in rags approach and speak to her.
Then, bending her body lovingly to the right,
She moved so the pail of pure water touched the cobble-
stone
Level with the lips of the child who had kneeled to drink.

2.

One morning, in Rotterdam, on Boompjes quai
(It was September 18, 1900, around eight o'clock),
I observed two young ladies on their way to work;
Opposite one of the great iron bridges, they said farewell,
Their paths diverging.
Tenderly they embraced; their trembling hands
Wanted, but did not want, to part; their mouths
Withdrew sadly and came together soon again
While they gazed fixedly into each other's eyes . . .
They stood thus for a long while side by side,
Straight and still amid the busy throng,
While the tug-boats rumbled by on the river,
And the whistling trains manoeuvered on the iron bridges.

3.

Between Cordova and Seville
Is a little station where the South Express,
For no apparent reason, always stops.
In vain the traveler looks for a village
Beyond the station asleep under the eucalyptus:
He sees but the Andalusian countryside: green and golden.
But across the way, on the other side of the track,
Is a hut made of black boughs and clay,
From which, at the sound of the train, ragged children swarm forth.
The eldest sister, leading them, comes forward on the platform
And, smiling, without uttering a word,
Dances for pennies.
Her feet in the heavy dust look black;
Her dark, filthy face is devoid of beauty;
She dances, and through the large holes of her ash-gray skirt,
One can see the agitation of her thin, naked thighs,
And the roll of her little yellow belly;
At the sight of which a few gentlemen,
Amid an aroma of cigars, chuckle obscenely in the dining-car.

Post-Scriptum

O Lord, will it never be possible for me
To know that sweet woman, there in Southern Russia,
And those two friends in Rotterdam,
And the young Andalusian beggar
And join with them
In an indissoluble friendship?

(Alas, they will not read these poems,
They will know neither my name, nor the feeling in my heart;
And yet they exist; they live now.)
Will it never be possible for me to experience the great joy
Of knowing them?
For some strange reason, Lord, I feel that with those four
I could conquer a whole world!

Valery Larbaud
Translated by William Jay Smith

Note: These are poems translated from Valery Larbaud's **Poems of a Multi-millionaire,** published 1908, Paris. The entire volume in translation by William Jay Smith will shortly be published by the Grove Press. Larbaud is one of the important French translators of Whitman.

LETTER #29 (from THE MAXIMUS POEMS)

"like a heart, having two hills
next the sea

(5000 leagues

"and loud-babbling

guns

I.
who walked, Rio Tampico to
Norumbega (Cabeza
less. Hakluyt
right to have believed the tale
even though he did cut it out
of his second
edition. Now to restore it, Aydelotte
having the records, got 'em
from Luz y Fuerza (S.A.,
Mexico

that the wildest
of a new country
can be believed

that the lawless,
if it holds
to its earth

that riot, and raid,
if stillness, if the iron

is thrown from

if even in the forest glade
murder, steps out of,
the bush—

how the words shall get across
as he did traverse the land

without departing from

the capability

2.
the Privy Council
heard him
as he sat: of Barking
the man, with Richard Browne and Richard Twide,
did walk their
incredibilities (Walsingham
not at all a fool.
Ingram
told his examiners
there were still living Honfleur 1582
"diverse
of the sd Frenchmen
which were in the sd ship **Gargarine**
had picked him up, Capt.
Champagne . . . "

had trade with
the people in
furres (Peckham's eyes

swelling

"Northward"
he said he went,
the remainder,
as Cabeza had,
suffering
at the hands of
Indians (shell-eaters, and C
thrown white
on the shore

nakedness,
in the sand.
stood up. mocked. stuck
by these exotics
(these Diggers).
tied. withes,
for seven years.
dragged (he
who later put back in
to the hole of the body
feet
of the intestines

who lived on the thorn-apple
who passed in deerskin, in white
hide, who moved so
across the staked plains now
there are towns
who speak of a White Man healed
the sick .

3.
where the English boy went
buffalo
had, where the incidence of cities
at short intervals all
across the continent (Ogalala
Saguenay - clearly
the Lakes (LaSalle
only seconding
this boy: 'some 4 some 8 some 10
myles
over' (Sir Humphrey Gilbert

listening

Yet the paths
not to be lost
in the names

the steps it takes, how
we eat, how, because we sleep,
we have those things don't

quite jibe, how
we are not unitary, where
the eye looks

outside itself, watches
in the night, sidewise
and, in the day, carries

a swollen look from
the multiple, from the peopling
of the bush—in the corners

of itself (what aggression
does not show
in the eye: the verisimilitude

caught from

the Wilderness

Road

—who stepped as no Indian might
to clove
the Solitary
Traveler

and heaved the body

into

the Glen

4.
they took him

seriously

(no

enlargement

II

Thus Boston: "the top and head",
he had it, Men
of Power
"being", as one of em sd, "the
center town and metropolis of

this wilderness work,
                    invironed
with the brinish floods,
                    having one small isthmus
giving free access to
the neighbor towns

Charles Olson

FROM FULTON FERRY

Knocked by the breeze into a cocked white hat,
Long Island breakers bulge against my boat,
flat-bottomed as a soap dish in a tub.
But Tom, the youngest of my ferry friends,
points out Manhattan's Wall Street, a cleft purse
snapped shut by crosses topping Trinity.
The prospect toward the Battery, distant
as struggle to an aging picaroon,
turns blue where Castle Garden stands for fish
and Barnum and the Swedish Nightingale . . .
As I, Walt Whitman, straddling in this
pilot house, stand pat though censors toss the
book at me, and rock the boat like seaswells
down through the Narrows on towards five o'clock.

Byron Vazakas

THE IVY CROWN

THE WHOLE PROCESS is a lie,
unless,
crowned by excess,
it break forcefully,
one way or another,
from its confinement—
or find a deeper well.
Anthony and Cleopatra
were right;
they have shown
the way. I love you
or I do not live
at all.

DAFFODIL TIME
is past. This is
summer, summer!
the heart says,
and not even the full of it.
No doubts
are permitted—
though they will come
and may
before our time
overwhelm us.
We are only mortal

but being mortal
        can defy our fate.
                We may
by an outside chance
        even win! We do not
                look to see
jonquils and violets
        come again
                but there are,
still,
        the roses!

ROMANCE HAS no part in it.
        The business of love is
                cruelty which,
by our wills,
        we transform
                to live together.
It has its seasons,
        for and against,
                whatever the heart
fumbles in the dark
        to assert
                toward the end of May.

JUST AS THE nature of briars
        is to tear flesh,
                I have proceeded
through them.
        Keep
                the briars out,
they say.

You cannot live
and keep free of
the briars.

CHILDREN PICK flowers.
Let them.
Though having them
in hand they have
no further use for them
but leave them crumpled
at the curb's edge.

AT OUR AGE the imagination
across the sorry facts
lifts us
to make roses
stand against the thorns.
Sure
love is cruel
and selfish
and totally obtuse—
at least, blinded by the light,
young love is.
But we are older,
I to love
and you to be loved,
we have,
no matter how,
by our wills survived
to keep
the jewelled prize

always
at our finger tips.
We will it so
and so it is
past all accident.

William Carlos Williams

POET

I hear a guttural of silence
as if the dead cough
and turn over down there
under the sinking epitaph:

"Heaven Faded Here." It's curious
to read these stones
and wonder who in the trough
sits shivering above the bones.

It was our dead first doubted
heaven—"atmosphere"
they said, and laughed in clouds
of those who didn't feel

we had a chance. It's over now.
Heaven is very near.
And walking up and down,
I'm collecting all the shrouds.

Neil Weiss